

Attwater withdrew again into the grove, and Herrick, with his gun under his arm, came down the pier alone.

About half-way down he halted and hailed the boat.

"What do you want?" he cried.

"I'll tell that to Mr. Attwater," replied Huish, stepping briskly up the ladder. "I don't tell it to you, because you played the trucklin' sneak. Here's a letter for him: tyke it, and give it, and be 'anged to you!"

"Davis, is this all right?" said Herrick.

Davis raised his chin, glanced swiftly at Herrick and away again, and held his peace. The glance was charged with some deep emotion, but whether of hatred or of fear, it was beyond Herrick to divine.

"Well," he said, "I'll give the letter." He drew a score with his foot on the boards of the gangway. "Till I bring the answer, don't move a step past this."

And he returned to where Attwater leaned against a tree, and gave him the letter. Attwater glanced it through.

"What does that mean," he asked, passing it to Herrick. "Treachery?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" said Herrick.

"Well, tell him to come on," said Attwater